THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A NEW HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH.

THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC: An Historical Review of the Colony of New-Plymouth, with Sketches of the Rise of Other New-England Settlements, the History of Congregationalism, and the Creeds of the Period. By JOHN A. GOODWIN. 8vo, pp. xii., 662. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The author's justification for this work, as stated in the preface, is that, so far as the general reader is concerned, "there is not in print any one volume which tells the story of the Pilgrim Fathers with a near approach to completeness and accuracy." This may appear a bold assertion in view of the number of books purporting to give the history of our national genesis, but Mr. Goodwin proceeds to vindicate his position by a brief analysis of the principal works partially or wholly occupied with the subject. The fact that the full text of Bradford's Journal (confusingly miscalled Mourt's Relation) was not accessible until Dr. Dexter published it in 1865, has an important bearing on the accuracy of all the precedent historical publications. Bradford and Winslow must always be the pillars of Pilgrim history, and when the student passes beyond their chronological scope he finds the work of research increasingly heavy and unremunerative.

Mr. Goodwin had undoubtedly studied his subject as thoroughly as was possible. No material seems to have been overlooked by him, and if he cannot lay claim to the title of a discoverer, he is certainly entitled to praise for the painstaking and exhaustive inquest which has enabled him to change at least many of the lights in the picture, and to present what is, on the whole, the most trustworthy, complete and consistent view of the Pilgrims. His plan is eminently judicious. He goes back to the beginnings of the migratory movement which culminated in the voyage of the Mayflower, and gives a vivid sketch of the doings at Scrooby. This affords an opening for an equally interesting and important consideration of the religious tenets of the Scrooby worshippers, and enables the author to set forth his contention that the Pilgrims were not Puritans at all, but Brownists, or as they were also called, Separatists. However well established this fact may be, Mr. Goodwin is certainly justified in asserting that American as well as English writers have commonly ignored it, employing the term Puritan indifferently for Plymouth and Boston colonists. The most recent illustration of this, indeed, comes to us in a work which Mr. Goodwin could not have seen, namely, Doyle's Puritan Colonies, published at the end of 1887. Now Doyle is a conscientious writer and always goes to the original authorities, yet he deliberately puts aside, even while stating, the sectarian distinction referred to. A brief quotation will show his method: "If, then, we would enter into the spirit of New-England history, we must clearly understand what is implied in the name Puritan. One use we may disregard. In England, during the sixteenth and in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the Puritan was often marked off from the Separatists. Identical, or nearly so, in their doctrine, in their views about ritual and in their moral code, they differed in their attitude toward the Established Church. The Separatists were hostile to the Church, not only as corrupt, but as being in principle at variance with the right order of things as laid down in Scripture. The conforming Puritan was willing to remain within the Church if it could be purged from what he regarded as the abuses bequeathed to it by Rome. Each of these classes bore its part in the settlement of New-England. In their new home, however, the distinction which had separated them disappears." Mr. Goodwin contends that the disappearance of the distinction between Brownists or Separatists and Puritans is a fiction which has misled most of the historians of New-England; that in fact the distinction not only remained, but that it gave to the whole history of New-Plymouth a peculiarity dividing that colony clearly from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and to some extent, though less sharply, from Rhode Island.

One of the strong points brought out in Mr. Goodwin's scholarly work is the difference between the Pilgrim Fathers in fact and in tradition, as regards this central religious question. They were not the Puritans of Restoration caricature. They were not sour-faced, snuffling, bigoted, narrow zealots. They were emphatically not persecutors of other faiths than their own. On the contrary, toleration was their principle, and it was loyally maintained until the Quaker movement, and even then the Plymouth laws were far less severe than those of Massachusetts, while during the witch-mania the Pilgrim colony kept itself free from the stain of innocent blood. Roger Williams, who, like Carlyle, was, theologically speaking, "gey ill to live wi'," always got on better with Plymouth than with any other colony; and after his exile continued on the friendliest terms with her authorities, Bradford and Winslow and Winthrop and Standish and the rest. The truth, shown categorically by Mr. Goodwin, is that the spirit of Plymouth was liberal and far in advance of the Puritan spirit; and it is evident that the historian who ignores this distinction is incapable of estimating the growth of New-England rightly. Nowhere has the practical effect of Plymouth Congregationalism in modifying the many strong prejudices of the period been so clearly exhibited as in this work, moreover, and the preliminary sketch of the sojourn in Holland brings into full relief the influence which the broad and lofty teachings of John Robinson exercised upon the religious positions taken and held at Plymouth.

Had that noble pastor and teacher been permitted to join his flock in the New World, it cannot be doubted that the spirit of toleration would have been still more developed at Plymouth, for some of the Pilgrim leaders presently showed a tendency to follow the Puritan models rather than their own; a tendency which Robinson's presence would have checked at the outset. What was really liberal in religion at that time would not necessarily be so regarded to-day. Then scarce any one questioned the right of the community to prescribe the devotional exercises of its members, or at the least to insist that all should worship in some way. Plymouth sometimes insisted rigidly and sometimes less rigidly upon general church attendance, but the citizens were not dragooned into following any particular form of worship, and indeed for many years the majority of the colonists were compelled to do without an ordained minister. Mr. Goodwin has drawn a very pleasing picture of the infant colony, whose first winter was so scourged by disease that when the spring came half the little community had disappeared. A wise Indian policy was at this time of great service, probably invaluable, for had the surrounding tribes united against the newcomers while the latter were still so feeble, the presumption must be that the colony would have been exterminated, or at the best dispersed beyond remedy.

It is a pity that the integrity and veracity which characterized the first dealings of the Pilgrims with the Indians should not have been maintained in later years, but it must be remembered that land-hunger had not then possessed the American settler, and that when it once prevailed all considerations of honor and honesty were swept away. Boston, it must be said, was first to yield to greed, and she even tried her prentice hand on long-suffering Plymouth before proceeding to strip the native landowners of their estate. Had the Plymouth Indian policy been scrupulously adhered to, and had it been followed by the other colonies, it is even possible that Philip's war might have been avoided. Mr. Goodwin, indeed, takes a view of Philip incompatible with belief in his capacity to project a rational or practicable course, holding him to have been neither more nor less than a predatory vagabond who made war simply because he had not intelligence enough to recognize his own weakness, and who could have been put down in a few weeks had the settlers not blundered egregiously in the conduct of their campaign. This view is no doubt in general accord with the latest researches, but Mr. Goodwin appears in some instances to give Philip rather less than his due. Church, it is true, describes him at the time of his death as "a doleful, dirty beast," but it is recorded in the Colonial Papers that the wampum ornaments which were on his person when he fell were sent to England as a present to the King, and this would seem to indicate that even at the last, when he was hunted like a wild beast, he was something more than the "squalid savage, whose palace was a sty," described by Palfrey.

Among the moot questions discussed in this volume, and which, however indeterminable, retain their interest for the student, is that of the treason of Jones, the master of the Mayflower. Did this mariner make a bargain with the Dutch, or with certain Dutch merchants, to take the Pilgrims far north of Manhattan, where they wished to settle, and was this the reason of the making of Cape Cod? There is but one witness for the theory of Jones's treason, namely, Morton, the secretary of Plymouth Colony, who, in his memorial (1669) wrote: "But some of the Dutch having notice of their intention, and having thoughts about the same time of erecting a plantation there likewise, they fraudulently hired the said Jones, by delays while they were in England, and now under pretence of the shoals, to disappoint them in their going thither." He adds: "Of this plot between the Dutch and Mr. Jones I have had late and certain intelligence," but he does not give the source of his information. Mr. Goodwin's conjecture upon the subject is as follows: "Bradford and Winslow say nothing of Jones's fraud; the objectors therefore assume that they did not know of it, and that if it had existed they would have known of it far better than their successor, Morton. But in 1665 the English, having subjugated the Dutch at New-York, established as the first Mayor of that place Thomas Willett, a prominent officer of Plymouth. From boyhood to manhood he had lived among the Dutch at Leyden, and was selected because in taste, sympathy and language he was nearly as much Dutch as English, and so especially acceptable to the conquered people. He now came into possession of the secret letters, records and accounts of the Dutch founders and rulers. He was just the one to ferret out anything in these archives which concerned his fellows at Plymouth, and to transmit it to his old associate, the Colonial Secretary. Thus Morton could get intelligence inaccessible at an early date, and which, moreover, was certain because late." This is certainly ingenious and plausible, but after all it is merely speculation, not history. There is no evidence that Willett conveyed any information to Morton about Jones, and the consideration that he might have done so cannot be seriously accepted as the foundation of a theory impeaching a man's character so gravely. Ignorance of navigation, a fault very common in the seventeenth century, would explain the making of Cape Cod effectually enough without any surmise of treachery. Mr. Goodwin is quite convinced that the captain was a traitor, and tries to prove that he had been a pirate, as rendering the later accusation more probable. But the boundary line between piracy and legitimate maritime adventure was very loosely drawn in those days, and better men than Captain Jones did worse deeds upon the high seas than he seems chargeable with. Perhaps the fairest verdict that can be rendered in this case is the Scotch one of "not proven."

The first fifty chapters of this history present a connected and orderly narrative. The remaining twenty-five chapters continue the annals of the colony mainly through individual biographies. It can hardly be said that this arrangement detracts from the interest, for the biographical sketches are in themselves full of attraction. Nor is it perhaps possible to piece out a complete record of Plymouth in any other way without having recourse to imagination in an unwarrantable measure. When Bradford and Winslow stop the historian is left in the lurch and must do the best he can with secondary authorities and scattered data. In the present case, however, some unnecessary confusion is introduced by recapitulations which are not so carefully distinguished as probably they would have been had the author lived to see his work through the press. It must, however, not be supposed that he has failed at all in his main purpose, which was to clear up popular errors, to reconstruct some historical views with the aid of new material, and especially to vindicate the Pilgrim Fathers from the reproach of a bigoted Puritanism which even otherwise careful American writers and indubitably true patriots have continued to echo down to the present day. What the Pilgrim Fathers really were is summed up in these sentences: "The Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of our Plymouth, the pioneer colony of New-England, were not Puritans. They never were called by that name, either by themselves or their contemporaries. They were Separatists, slightingly called Brownists, and in time became known as Independents or Congregationalists. As Separatists they were oppressed and maligned by the Puritans. They did not restrict voting or office-holding to their church members. They heartily welcomed to their little State all men of other sects, or of no sects, who adhered to the essentials of Christianity and were ready to conform to the local laws and customs."

Naturally they did not welcome zealots who came for the avowed purpose of overthrowing their Church, and when such intruders became troublesome they did not hesitate to drive them out. But they treated fanaticism and religious anarchism with gentleness in comparison to the practice of their neighbors, and they succeeded in retaining their tolerance until the Plymouth colony was merged by consolidation. It is much to have made this clear, and the work is well and honestly done. Mr. Goodwin's history, moreover, abounds with details of family history, contains careful lists of the Pilgrims, has in an appendix much interesting local tradition, and is completed by an excellent index. It is written in an easy and agreeable style, is never dull, and impresses the reader with the author's scrupulous candor and carefulness.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the few notable books of the coming season will be the magnificent volume entitled "The Masters of Wood Engraving," by W. J. Linton, the veteran engraver and writer. He has been engaged upon this work for many years, and it promises to become a standard and a starting-point for all future writers. He has accumulated for the purposes of historical illustration splendid reproductions of the rarest, most perfect and most valuable prints, many of which have been beyond the reach of other students. The volume of 229 pages of text will have nearly 200 cuts interspersed and forty-eight unbacked page subjects. It will be in short royal folio size, and only 500 signed and numbered copies will be printed. The publishers announce that as certain cuts (such as Harvey's "Dentatus" and the cuts from Durer's "Apocalypse" and "Greater Passion") can only be given in part, it is proposed to issue an edition not to exceed 100 copies on paper large enough to print the whole of such cuts. The price to subscribers of the smaller edition is $60; of the larger, $120. Ticknor & Co. will publish the American edition.

It is the opinion of "The Savannah News" that there is only one living writer who correctly reproduces in print the dialect peculiar to the Southern plantation negro, and that he is Joel Chandler Harris.

The most distinguished professor of international law in Germany, and one of the greatest living authorities upon the subject, is Privy Councillor von Bulmerincq, secretary and vice-president of the Institut de Droit International. In a book recently published he says that Dr. Woolsey has written the best book in the English language upon international law—one far superior to Phillimore's, or that of any other English author. David Dudley Field's "Outlines of an International Code" he pronounces the best attempt at codification made as yet by any writer in any tongue, and adds that though it may be wanting in some respects, it will serve as the basis for any similar attempt in the future.

"In Castle and Cabin; or talks in Ireland in 1887," is the title of a volume in which Mr. George Pellew sets forth the results of his examination of the present political and industrial situation in Ireland. The Putnams will publish the book this month.

Robert Browning won't write for magazines. In speaking of an offer of $1,000 from a Boston paper for a short poem, he said: "If I would write in that way for any one I would consider this request from Boston, but I simply can't. An English magazine offered me a large price, which I refused, and then a still larger, which I again refused. Then they sent me a blank check, and asked me to fill it out to my own satisfaction. But I returned that also. I cannot bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me—that is to be an uninvited guest. My wife liked it. She liked to be with the others; but I have steadfastly refused that kind of thing from first to last."

Some of the London and Edinburgh printers, it is said, are already making arrangements for transferring part of their business to New-York, in consequence of our copyright bill.

That is an admirable portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds which "The Magazine of American History" reproduces from the original miniature by Archibald Robertson. The June number of the magazine is more than usually interesting. Among its papers is a series of reminiscences of W. H. Seward by C. K. Tuckerman, in the course of which occurs this pathetic picture of a statesman in his last days: "When I took leave of Seward he called me aside and said: 'Now tell me what I can do for you. If I possess any influence with the present Administration, I am at your service.' I replied that the only thing he could do for me was to get better health at his earliest convenience and to let the world occasionally hear from him. 'Do you mean to say,' he asked, 'that you came to visit a broken-down old man like me without a single interested motive beyond that of seeing me?' He noticed that I was annoyed by the implication, and added, with emotion: 'I do not have many such visits nowadays.'"

"A Bystander's Notes" is the title under which Judge Tourgee will hereafter discuss literature, politics, etc., in "The Chicago Inter-Ocean."

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" is said to be a lady and an invalid.

Since Mr. Lecky in his Royal Academy speech made a flattering reference to Robert Buchanan's new poem, "The City of Dreams," there has been a great run on the book at the London libraries and booksellers'. Before that, the poem had hardly been noticed.

Houghton & Mifflin are bringing out an anonymous novel entitled "The Guardians." They also have in press a collection of short stories by Miss Jewett, to be published under the title of "The King of Folly Island and Other Stories." Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Life and Works of Henry Hobson Richardson" is nearly ready, and so is Bret Harte's "Argonauts of North Liberty."

SOME NEW NOVELS.

THE WORK OF AMERICAN WRITERS.

MONSIEUR MOTTE. By GRACE KING. 12mo, pp. 327. A. C. Armstrong & Co.

A DEBUTANTE IN NEW-YORK SOCIETY. By RACHEL BUCHANAN. 12mo, pp. 363. D. Appleton & Co.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR. By General HUGH EWING. 16mo, pp. 273. Henry Holt & Co.

THE ARGONAUTS OF NORTH LIBERTY. By BRET HARTE. 16mo, pp. 206. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Grace King's sketches of Southern creole life in "Monsieur Motte" are of marked merit, delicate, subtle, picturesque and lifelike. The Institute St. Denis is surely a personal reminiscence, but whether that or a creation it is equally vivid and realistic. The figure of Marcelite is a remarkable one. She is the heroine of the story, and her character is drawn with striking power and insight. Nothing is more natural than the failure of this loving, loyal, devoted soul to provide for an emergency, which nevertheless had been before her eyes for years, but under the immediate pressure of which she collapsed. Belonging to a race without prevision, living in and for the day, trusting vaguely to chance for the future, poor Marcelite is plunged from the height of happiness to the depths of despair by the simple coming about of that which she knew to be inevitable. The fiction by which the faithful nurse secures the education of her foster-child breaks down at the critical point. All this part of the story is charming, as also the episode of the notary and the schoolmistress. The methods by which Marie is restored to her fortune and social position are, however, somewhat too crude. Great estates do not change hands in so prompt and free-and-easy a manner, save in fairy tales. Everything ends happily, it is true, and many readers will pardon much on that account. Grace King certainly has talent of a high order, and has written here an exceptionally clever novel, but not as good a one as she can write by exercising more care, and above all by avoiding the improbable. She has made a special study of Creole life, and with less humor than Mr. Cable, she exhibits at times a keener sensibility and a more apprehensive observation than his. What she most needs is larger experience in constructive art.

The adventures of "A Debutante in New-York Society" are told in letters. The epistolary form in fiction as a rule lowers the interest of the story, but that objection is not felt so much in a book like this, which aims at the conveyance of satire through a light thread of narrative. The author's object is the exhibition of the frivolity, heartlessness and mercenary calculation which sway modern society, together with the weight of the burden which its practices, customs, pomps and ceremonies entail upon the socially ambitious. All this is shown in the letters of a young girl just "out" to an aunt in the country, and the task has been performed with decided skill and a judicious avoidance of extravagance. Nor is the picture of society too one-sided. Almost an equal proportion of estimable and contemptible people are introduced, and while the intellectual standards are if anything too high, the ugliest features of the situation are discreetly overlooked, as they of course would be by a real debutante. The head of the family whose inner and outer life are unfolded is an American gentleman of the best and purest type. The mother is a society leader without heart. The eldest daughter is an incarnation of graceless selfishness. The supposed author of the letters is her father's girl, endowed with an inquiring mind, independent impulses and a healthy scorn of shams and false pretences and venal intrigues. At one time she appears perilously near surrender to the strong influences which surround her, for she has no calling for the position of a poor man's wife, and her love of luxury is a defect in her character which shows in a disagreeable way in her treatment of young Porter, the poor but highly developed Bostonian. The debutante has wonderful luck in her matrimonial adventures, and it is evidently intended that the final disposition of her should create the impression of fidelity to a high ideal. This attempt can hardly be considered a success, inasmuch as the fact is apparent that Lenox is accepted, not only because the girl likes him very much, but because, though she tries to pretend she cares nothing about his fortune, she is yet alive to the pleasure procurable through it. Perhaps this is quite as far as a society girl should be expected to go. Possibly it is farther than many would go. With a certain training and certain habits, practical cynicism must be expected, and systematic egotism of the most carefully cultivated type. This cynicism and selfishness are exhibited clearly and soberly by Rachel Buchanan in the present volume, and the study is interesting and suggestive.

General Hugh Ewing has taken for the basis of his story, "A Castle in the Air," the well-worn imposture of pretended searches for "American heirs" to visionary colossal fortunes, represented as awaiting in European bank-vaults the requisition of those transatlantic administrators and assigns. No doubt there is material for a sufficiently amusing tale in this hoary but still vigorous fraud, but General Ewing has not been content with one strong motive, but has taken hostages of Fortune by calling in the supernatural also. Exactly how he means this part of his story to be taken it is not quite easy to understand. Sometimes he appears to believe in his own ghosts, and at other times to be sceptical. Of course such hesitation is liable to puzzle the reader and to throw obscurity over some of the most remarkable incidents, but this has to be endured. It is a lively and well-sustained novel, not too realistic, light and somewhat flimsy, but well adapted to summer reading.

In "The Argonauts of North Liberty" Bret Harte carries his readers from Connecticut to Southern California, and manages a story of domestic treason and complication with much skill. Of the characters in the tale, that of Ezekiel Corwin is at once the least agreeable and the most artistically conceived. Joan, who first appears as a Puritanic prude and passes from that phase into phenomenal frivolity and impropriety of conduct, is perhaps a dramatic possibility, but does not produce the impression of being a natural woman. The young native Californian, Rosita, is much wholesomer, and in many ways is charming. Mr. Harte's men in this story are more shadowy and unsubstantial than usual, and the transformations of character imposed on Blandford and Demorest, no less than on Joan, have a tendency to break the interest by suggesting doubts of the identity of the people. In fact the actors who appear in California have very little apparent resemblance to their namesakes of North Liberty, and while Mr. Harte may have intended to illustrate in these changes the magical influence of a champagne atmosphere and strawberries all the year round, the general effect is somewhat bewildering.

THE DIKE.

A BAFFLING BIT OF PROPERTY.

Ransom, May 26.—We have come into possession of ninety-five acres, "more or less," of dike land, commonly mentioned as simply "dike." We did not buy it, and no one was so malicious as to leave it to us by will. We have taken it for a debt. Now that we have it, people seem to blame us as well as pity us; and yet we had to take this or nothing. A person living within sight of the dike told us yesterday that the general opinion in the outlying community was that no one but a cussed fool would have taken that kind of property for debt; and that, as for its being that or nothing, it had better "by a darned sight be nothin'." But we, in the ignorance of our minds, had an idea that any kind of property was better than no kind of property. It seems we were mistaken. It is too late, now, however, for any regrets. We have gone on to the land in company with two witnesses and have hereby taken possession, etc., and have the legal papers to show for it; also we have begun to pay taxes, and taxes, every one assures us, "is the only thing that land 'll ever amount to." Every man we meet is advising us, and condoling with us. Some of them take it very solemnly and shake their heads and assure us it's a mighty poor move we've made. Others begin to laugh when they see us and ask jokingly what are the dividends from the dike. For myself, I confess all this has begun to raise a spirit of combativeness which may end by my adoring this this new acquisition, which lies in the town of Marshfield, on the seacoast of Massachusetts. It is, in fact, land reclaimed from the sea by a dike built to prevent the tide from coming in across the stretch of flat lying there. There is a great deal of this flat in this town and some of it is now protected in this way.

One man, who seemed to have more of a spirit of fairness within him, told us it was so rich—the land, he meant— that 'twouldn't need no manure for years. 'Twas unaccountable how rich it was. "But then," he added, reflectively, "it don't make no odds, fur's I know, if 'tis rich. You can't do nothin' with it. If you lived over to the Brant, now, and could work it somehow. But not livin' to the Brant, and bein' women—" here he paused.

We said it was possible to overcome the first objection, and live at the Brant, but how could we help being women?

He looked sadly at us and shook his head. He said that there bein' dikes, he s'posed it follered that somebody must own 'em, but he did think it was agin natur for dikes to be owned by women.

This same man informed us that there was a good crop of hay there every year but it cost a thunderin' sight to git it; still—

Here he paused, and I began to suspect he was paving the way by this talk to the making of a low offer for "standing grass" on the dike. And so it turned out, for he held on to our buggy shaft until he had delivered himself of a bid for the grass, qualifying his bid by the repetition of the remark that "it would cost about as much as the grass was wuth to git it."

Time was when we would have closed immediately with this offer and congratulated ourselves that we were rid of that bother, for one year at least. Now we said we would think of it, and let him know; and we were revived in spirit at sight of his crest-fallen face as we said this.

"Depend upon it," said my friend as we drove away, "that grass is worth getting. What if we should get it ourselves?"

The idea was too startling to be embraced directly, but it remained in our minds, slowly leavening, in the weeks that followed. We have talked over in secret the possibility of our getting in that crop and thus knowing positively the amount of it, and having some idea of what this real estate is. But thus far we have been too timid to come to a decision. It is barely summer yet, and we have still a little time in which to reach a resolve. Still we must make up our minds in season to sell before it is too late. Considering that "it costs as much's it's wuth" to git that grass it is surprising that so many farmers in the vicinity have made inquiries of us. They are unanimous in opinion as to the fearful expense of getting that grass. They will be bankrupt by just getting it, therefore we, of course, cannot think of charging much for the grass as it stands.

For a month past my friend and I have talked and dreamed of nothing but standing grass. Before the green blades were hardly visible we have had them grown and cut and dried. We have sold the crop; and we have made it; we have done it all dozens of times. As I walk about among my friends and converse on different subjects, I hardly know what to say, for my heart is afar, not in the Highlands by any means, but in land so low it has to be protected from the ravages of the sea. When they tell me things concerning subjects in which I used to be interested, I am alarmed at the indifference I feel. I tell myself that these things have no bearing on grass or dike lands, consequently they are nothing to me. Sometimes I fancy my acquaintances look at me in ill-veiled surprise and wonder, but I cannot say to them that I am thinking of the dike. If I did say that they would have a still worse look on their faces. Society is not as attractive to me as formerly, for when I am in the midst of laughter and conversation I cannot think clearly on my favorite subject. And somebody must think clearly on it. My friend and partner takes this far more lightly than I do. When I remonstrate with her on account of her frivolity she says that one monomaniac is enough and she informed me that, only the day before, when our minister was calling upon us and had expressed his sorrow for the death of Matthew Arnold, I asked him if he thought Mr. Arnold had ever owned dike lands, and if such had been the case, whether such ownership would have made any difference in his poetry.

Now I do not believe I ever made any such remark. Should I not remember it if I had done so? Though she asserts that I said that, and that the minister grew pale with apprehension as he heard, I think my friend has imagined this. But I will acknowledge that I was, mentally, in Marshfield during that call, and that, while the gentleman was talking, I made an accurate estimate of how much hay there ought to be to an acre.

There is another drawback to this new property of ours which I have hesitated to mention.

You cannot get to it; at least, you almost cannot. The way to it, though there are few turns, is yet as balking and bewildering as if you were essaying to traverse a labyrinth without the guiding thread.

It is all easy enough until you get within a few miles, then you begin to be baffled.

We have been down four times this spring. It is fifteen miles away from our home, and the first three quarters of the distance we tell ourselves that we shall have no trouble this time. As we near the spot and the air begins to grow salt, we begin to be conscious of a little uncertainty. We hate to inquire the way for two reasons. The first is that, when we do make inquiries, before any reply is given, we are asked if we are the two women that own some of the dike down here. Then truth compels us to say yes, and we are gazed at as curiosities that are not often seen and which must be made the most of while visible. On the repeating of our question some directions are given which mostly depend on whether certain bars are down, or gates open somewhere. As we are not yet familiar with the country hereabouts, we cannot keep these directions clearly in mind, and soon have to beg again, for information, and again acknowledge that we are the women who own ninety-five acres of dike.

It is very singular that each time we have driven down to the shore we have somehow come within sight of our land and driven around here and there, but for a long time could not find any way to get to it, though there it lay, vast, flat and bewitching before us, and giving the impression that we could drive right over to it. But how? Whenever we made any nearer approach we had but to come back and look. Half a dozen narrow cart tracks wound toward it, but we could not get to a single one of them. It was maddening. There was the flat and there was the big barn on it, and the small shanty where the haymakers lived when they came down to make hay and store it. All these belonged to us, and we were shut from them.

The last time of our visit, which was three days ago, we were standing by our horse's head ready to weep or swear with vexation that we could not learn the way to the dike, and contemplating the making a gap in the wall in front of us, when a man came along riding on top of a load of dripping kelp. Seeing our forlorn condition he pulled up his horse and looked intently at us. We returned his gaze and were relieved to see that he had a rubber blanket spread over the place on the wet kelp where he was sitting.

"Up a stump, ain't ye?" he asked sympathetically, at last.

"Yes, I think it is a stump we are up," said my friend.

"Can't I help ye any?"

"No one," said she, "seems able to make us know how to get to that flat there. This is the fourth time we've been here, and we don't know any more than we did at first."

"I declare, you're in a kind of a fix, ain't ye?"

As the man said this he clambered down from his load and came toward us, a long flapping piece of kelp attached to his over-all leg, and dripping brine as he walked.

MRS. HANCOCK AND MR. HANCOCK.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE GOVERNOR

From the diary of General William H. Sumner, quoted in The Magazine of American History.

To-day, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1822, I dined, at an informal dinner, with my respected friend, Stephen Codman, esq. Madame Scott, the widow of the late Governor Hancock, (having married for her second husband Captain Scott, since deceased,) Mrs. Hooker, the wife of Judge Hooker, of Springfield; Mrs. Paine and the members of Mr. Codman's family were present. Having often before had opportunities of hearing of the eventful periods of our Revolution from those who took part in them, and found afterwards the treachery of memory when I came to relate them, I now determined not to rest on my pillow till I had recorded the points of her most memorable conversation.

The attention of Mrs. Scott was called to the period of the Lexington battle, and she observed that Mr. Hancock used to come down from Concord where the Congress sat, to the Rev. Mr. Clark's in Lexington, to lodge, and that he and Mr. Samuel Adams were there the night before the Lexington battle. Mrs. Clark, I think she said, was a cousin of Mr. Hancock.

Mrs. Scott at this time was a young maiden lady of the name of Quincy, to whom Mr. Hancock was paying his suit. Mrs. Hancock, the aunt of the Governor, and the widow of his uncle Thomas Hancock (as lady-like a woman as ever Boston bred, she observed,) who was her particular friend and protectress, (her mother then being dead,) was also at Lexington, at the same house. She observed that Dr. Warren sent out a message in the evening that they must take care of themselves, and give the alarm through the country, for Gneral Gage had ordered a force to march that night to Concord, to destroy the stores. Paul Revere, esq., brought the message, and arrived there about 12 o'clock. Mr. Hancock gave the alarm immediately, and the Lexington bell was rung all night; and before light about 150 men were collected. Mr. H. was all the night cleaning his gun and sword, and putting his accoutrements in order, and was determined to go out to the plain by the meeting house, where the battle was, to fight with the men who were collected, but who, she says, were but partially provided with arms, and those they had were in most miserable order; and it was with very great difficulty that he was dissuaded from it by Mr. Clark and Mr. Adams, the latter of whom, clapping him on the shoulder, said to him: "That is not our business; we belong to the Cabinet." It was not till break of day that Mr. H. could be persuaded that it was improper for him to expose himself against such a powerful force; but, overcome by the entreaties of his friends, who convinced him that the enemy would indeed triumph, if they could get him and Mr. Adams in their power; and finding, by the inquiries of a British officer, (a forerunner of the army) who asked where Clark's tavern was, that he was one of their objects, he, with Mr. Adams, went over to Woburn, to the Rev. Mr. Jones's, I think she said. The ladies remained and saw the battle commence. Mrs. Scott says the British fired first, she is sure. This was a point much contested at the time, and many depositions were taken to prove the fact that the British were the actual aggressors. One of the first British bullets whizzed by old Mrs. Hancock's head, as she was was looking out of the door, and struck the barn; she cried out: 'What is that?' They told her it was a bullet, and she must take care of herself. Mrs. Scott was at the chamber window looking at the fight. She says two of the wounded men were brought into the house. One of them, whose head was grazed by a ball, insisted on it that he was dead; the other, who was shot in the arm, behaved better. The first was scared more than hurt. After the British passed on towards Concord, the ladies received a letter from Mr. H. informing them where he and Mr. Adams were, wishing them to get into the carriage and come over, and bring the fine salmon that they had had sent to them for dinner. This they carried over in the carriage, and had got it nicely cooked and were just sitting down to eat it, when in came a man from Lexington, whose house was upon the main road, and who cleared out (leaving his wife and family at home) as soon as he saw the British bayonets glistening as they descended the hills on their return from Concord. Half frightened to death, he exclaimed, "The British are coming! the British are coming! my wife's in etarnity now." Mr. H. and Mr. Adams, supposing the British troops were at hand, went into the swamp and staid until the alarm was over.

Upon their return to the house, Mrs. Scott told Mr. H. that having left her father in Boston, she should return to him to-morrow. "No, madam," said he, "you shall not return as long as there is a British bayonet left in Boston." She, with the spirit of a woman, said: "Recollect, Mr. Hancock, I am not under your control yet. I shall go in to my father to-morrow"; for, she said, at that time I should have been very glad to have got rid of him, but her aunt, as she afterward became, would not let her go. She did not go into Boston for three years afterward; for when they left this part of the country they went to Fairfield, in Connecticut, and staid with Mr. Burr, the uncle of Aaron Burr, who was there. Aaron, she says, was very attentive to her, and her aunt was very jealous of him lest he should gain her affections, and defeat her purpose of connecting her with her nephew. Mr. Burr, she said, was a handsome young man of very pretty fortune, but her aunt would not leave them a moment together, and in August she married Mr. H., and afterward they went on to Philadelphia, to the Congress, of which Mr. H. was president at the time she married him.

Mrs. Scott observed that she did not like Philadelphia very much, though she had very good friends there among the Quakers. She said that she was busy all the time she was there in picking up commissions to be sent off for the officers appointed by Congress. It was not till some months after this that Mr. Hancock kept a clerk, though all the business of Congress was done by the President—she herself was for months engaged with her scissors in trimming off the edges of the bills of credit issued by the Congress and signed by the President, and packing them up in saddle bags to be sent off to various quarters for the use of the army.

Mrs. Scott spoke freely of the character of Mr. Hancock, who was afterward Governor, and said he would always have his orders executed through life. That he always kept an open house, and spoke of his entertainment of the French officers and others at the time the French fleet was in Boston. The poor cook, she said, was worn out, and could not set to picking turkeys every night after getting a great dinner, and the feathers were sometimes too visible on the poultry upon the table. Mr. H. was mortified at this, and to cure the cook, directed a turkey to be roasted with the feathers on. This was actually done, and the turkey caught fire on the spit, and the feathers, when they were burnt down to the quill, popped off with a great noise, and made a stench which annoyed everybody in the house but Mr. H., who, though confined up stairs with the gout, affected not to smell it. The experiment was successful, and the poor cook was obliged, nolens volens, to be careful of pin feathers after that, and to have the turkeys well singed. She says at one time they had 150 live turkeys, which were shut up in the coach house at night, and let out to feed in the pasture, where the State House now is, by day, and that two or three were killed every night.

She mentioned another instance of Mr. H's determination. Having taken it into his head that he would have nothing but pewter plates and dishes used, one day when confined upstairs while his friends were at dinner, he heard the noise of a china plate. He sent for Cato into his room, and asked him if there was not a china plate on the table; Cato replied that it was only to put the cheese in; he ordered Cato to go down and put the cheese into a pewter plate, and bring the china one up to him, which Cato having done, he ordered him to throw it out of the chamber window. Cato thought, as "massa" could not stir he would cheat him, and threw the plate on to a slanting bank of grass, and it did not break. The Governor, more observing than Cato thought, not hearing it break, made Cato go down and smash the plate against the wall.

When the French fleet was in Boston in 1778, under Count D'Estaing, Mr. Hancock ordered a breakfast to be provided for thirty of the officers, whom he had invited. But the Count brought up almost all the officers of his fleet, midshipmen included, and the whole common, to use Mr. Scott's expression, "was bedizzened with lace." Mr. H. sent word for her to get breakfast for 120 more, and she was obliged to prepare it as they were coming into the house. They spread twelve pounds of butter on bread, and sent to the guard on the common to milk all the cows and bring her the milk. She sent to all the neighbors for cake, but could not get much brought into the room, for the little midshipmen were so voracious that they made prize of it as the servants passed through the entry, and she was obliged to go out and order it to be put into buckets and covered with napkins; in this way it escaped capture. The Frenchmen, she said, ate voraciously, and one of them drank seventeen cups of tea at the table.

The midshipmen, she said, made sad destruction with the fruit in the garden. The Count D'Estaing, however, politely said he would make it up to her, and told her she must come down to the fleet and bring all her friends with her; and true enough she did, she says, for she went down and carried a party of five hundred. They were all transported in the boats of the fleet, and staid all day. The Count was an elegant man; he asked her to pull a string to fire a gun, which half frightened to death she did, and found that she had given the signal for a feu de joie to the fleet, the whole of which immediately commenced firing, and they were all enveloped in smoke, and stunned with the noise. Such a noise she never heard before, nor wishes to again. The officers afterward frequently dined at their house, and the Count Bourgainville, who could not eat, had his milled chocolate brought and served out to him by his servant. The Governor also gave the officers a grand ball at Concert Hall. Three hundred persons were present.

Speaking of General Washington's visit to Boston, after the peace when Mr. Hancock was Governor, I asked her whether the Governor refused to call on General Washington, as it had been reported. She replied that Mr. H. had enemies as well as other folks, and that although Mr. Hancock had sent out an express to the General at Worcester, and invited him to dine on the day of his arrival in town, yet, as Mr. H. had the gout in his foot and hands, and could not move, they persuaded the General that he was disinclined to make the first call, and the General sent up a note at dinner time excusing himself. It is well known that Mr. H. was a great advocate of the sovereignty of the States, and it was represented to the General that Mr. H., being chagrined at not being chosen the first President of the United States, was determined to insist on the first call from the President. The President could not admit this, and declined dining with the Governor in consequence. Mr. Patrick Jeffery, and other friends of Mr. H., informed him that it was necessary for him to remove the impression which this opinion, now become general, had made, and the Governor, the next day, was carried down to the General's quarters, and taken from his carriage in the arms of his servants. When the General saw them bringing up a helpless man in their arms, she says, he found he had been deceived and burst into tears. On Monday he sent word by the marshal of the district, Jonathan Jackson, esq., that he should call on the Governor, and hoped that he should have the pleasure of spending an hour or two with him and Mrs. Hancock alone; which he did, and expressed his astonishment that any persons should have so imposed on him, etc., and was very sociable and pleasant during his whole visit. Mrs. Scott says the General was very affable when with his friends only, but in the presence of strangers was very careful of his dignity.

A day or two after Mrs. Scott's conversation, before minuted, was held, I repeated this view of the subject to Governor Brooks, who says that Mrs. Scott's is only the domestic view of that matter. That he himself dined with General Washington that day at his quarters, and that Mr. (Jonathan) Jackson was there also, and that Mr. Jackson frequently spoke of the Governor's conduct, and that he had no doubt his omission to call was intended; but when he found that he was not supported by the gentlemen of the town, who thought he had degraded himself and committed the dignity of the State by so gross an omission, he got over it as well as he could, and feigned himself quite as sick as he was, to make a good excuse, as a man of his courtier-like manners always did; and that General Washington, not to be outdone in politeness, very probably was quite unwilling to ascribe to Governor Hancock any such design or motive as really existed, and put it on the ground which Mrs. Scott has mentioned.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP.

HOW TO LOOK NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

"What nice complexions all those actresses have."

"That is only the things they put on their faces."

"But some look better than others."

"Oh, of course. Those that get the best materials look the best. And there are people engaged specially to make them up."

The above was an actual conversation between two ladies overheard one night last week at a New-York theatre. Unfortunately for many actresses the conclusion reached that the best materials will produce the appearance of beauty is not strictly true. Yet wonderful are the transformations which paint, powder, pastes and washes produce. The actor or actress has to learn how best to apply these, for the hairdresser who used to be attached to the theatre in the old stock company days is now a thing of the past. The pretty woman off the stage is not always striking looking behind the footlights. Extreme regularity of features goes for very little and clearness of complexion is of no value whatever. Rather large features are better than those that are small and delicate. It is comparatively easy to hide imperfections of large features, but it is almost impossible to give importance to those that are insignificant. There are two great secrets to be remembered by the user of make-up—that dark shades of color depress and light ones bring out in relief. A person with a snub nose darkens the end and puts a strong white where the bridge should be and straightway there appears a very good imitation of a Grecian nose. If an aquiline nose is to be transformed into the tip-tilted variety, the above process is exactly reversed. In rounding or flattening the appearance of the cheeks the same rule holds good. White on the edge of the face will give the appearance of plumpness, while dark shades may be applied till the semblance of emaciation is obtained. In putting on rouge the age of the person represented has to be considered. The younger he or she may be the higher on the cheek the color has to be placed. In old age if there is color at all left in the face, it generally settles in the hollow below the cheek bones, and is of a deeper shade than that seen in youth. Most actresses err in making-up their eyes too heavily. This is done by running blue, black or brown marks immediately under and above the eyelashes. A thin line gives brilliancy and expression to the eye, but a heavy one makes it look like "a burnt hole in a blanket." The eye that is most effective on the stage is not necessarily the largest, but generally the one in which a good deal of white is to be seen round the pupil. To put a heavy mark outside this is to destroy the expression gained by the movement of the pupil over the white field. In "wrinkling" the face grease-paint pencils are used, and the safest guide for the application is the natural lines that may be made to appear in the face when the desired expression is assumed. Rouge is applied to the eyes in very small quantities, as the natural color is too dark behind the glare of so many Lights. Eyebrows, as a rule, need pencilling, and blondes require dark eyebrows to make the eyes seem brilliant. It is a singular thing not generally understood, though nevertheless true, that the color and size of the pupil of the eye have very little to do with the expression. This depends mainly on the shape of the eyelids, the eyelashes and the eyebrows. It has been frequently shown in wax heads prepared for the purpose that different colored glass eyes could be inserted without the change being observable except on very close inspection.

As a rule men use grease paint in making up their faces, while women, who desire a whiter effect, employ liquid washes in which bismuth or oxide of zinc is the chief ingredient. These preparations are generally harmless, though the greatest care has to be used in removing them, or the pores become stopped. In dressing the face is always made up before the wig is put on and a few finishing touches given after that is adjusted. The putting on of a wig is almost an art in itself, the difficulty being to prevent the head seeming to be too large, and to give the hair just enough freedom to seem natural without being rough or dishevelled. Wigs are very expensive matters, especially those of long, fair hair. Frequently these cost from $50 to $75, and carefully made dress wigs average from $20 to $25. Many an actor and actress has a small fortune invested in wigs alone. As a rule American wigs and make-up are better than those used abroad. If any one doubts this he has only to look at an English actor on his first appearance here or to recall if he can the decidedly "queer" aspects of the French company that came over with Bernhardt.

HE WAS AHEAD.

General George A. Sheridan, who has made a hit as a lecturer in defence of Christianity against the assaults of "The Modern Pagan," is an effective, witty, and eloquent political speaker. On one occasion he was sent by a committee to deliver an address in a small town in Indiana on the banks of the Wabash. Sheridan was rather surprised at the elaborate reception he met when he alighted from the train. A great procession, composed of the town military company, various civil societies, the Mayor, Aldermen, etc., took him in charge and conveyed him to the public square, where an audience of seven or eight thousand were waiting. Sheridan's bewilderment changed to feelings of another nature when the Mayor arose and addressed the assemblage saying: "Fellow citizens: I introduce to you General George A. Sheridan, and he will speak. He is not the Sheridan we expected to hear. We looked for little Phil, the hero of Winchester. The committee has played a trick on us. This Sheridan is said to be a good speaker, and we will try and forget our surprise and disappointment and listen to him."

The Mayor sat down and Sheridan rose to reply.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, in his rich but stentorian voice, "when I was informed that an appointment had been made for me to address the people of this city I accepted it with pleasure. I pictured to myself a teeming city, its buildings a triumph of architectural art, its streets busy bazaars thronged with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. I saw in fancy its libraries—seats of learning, its galleries of sculpture and paintings. I thought of its many industries and its commercial greatnes, and withal of the refined courtesy of its Mayor and representative citizens, and my thoughts were pleasurable ones. What, then, is my surprise and disappointment to find your city a collection of wooden shanties on the swampy bank of a dirty river; your bazaars of trade to consist of a few drug stores selling quinine to your scrawny, leathern-cheeked citizens; a few rum groggeries and two filthy country stores; your industries a blacksmith's and an undertaker's shop; your art galleries pictures cut from the last year's 'Police Gazette,' and your Mayor and representative citizens quite fit to wallow in the mire of their surroundings. I will try and overcome my disappointment regarding your city and the disgust with the committee who sent me to speak to a population who seem happy and contented with their lot, and I will now proceed to address you on politics."